Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*,
Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him,
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hora. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſayes tis but a fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What wee haue two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well ſit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtarre thats weſtward from the pole;
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler ſpeake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare & wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maieſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: by heauen I charge the ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away,

Hora

Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake I charge thee ſpeake. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ma. Tis gone and will not anſwere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this ſomething more then phantaſie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the ſencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Isit not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very Armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parle
Hee ſmote the ſleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtauke hath hee gone by our watch.
Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the land,
And with ſuch dayly coſt of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taſke
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who iſt that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I,
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo, our laſt King,
Whoſe image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by law and Heraldry